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HUMAN EXPERIENCE.

THREE LECTURES

ON

Fortune Tellers,

Trance Mediums,

Madams, Princes,

Gypsies, and Indians.

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DR. THOMAS TELFER.

MISSIONARY EVANGELIST,

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Author of Crime and Criminals, Penitentiaries, Cruelty To Children and Animals.

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INTRODUCTION.

In 1890 I was pastor of a Gospel Mission at Louisville, Ky. For years I have labored as an independent missionary, and have made a study of man in every condition of life, having labored in missions, jails, work-houses, penitentiaries, and done highway and byway mission work of all kinds—preaching and lecturing on crime, lusts, ignorance, etc., in many of the evangelical churches, Sunday-schools, and colleges in several Southern and Western States—knowing that sin is the only curse and cause of all suffering to the human family, the missionary work is to educate the masses, to show what sin is and its evils, endeavoring to help all parents to do their own home missionary work. If you do not do it, it will go undone.

THOMAS TELFER, Author.

THE FORTUNE-TELLER.

The wicked laid a snare for me.—Ps 110.
But if any man be ignorant, let him be ignorant.—I. Cor. 14.
On the wicked he will rain snares.—Ps. 11, 6.
We, then, that are strong, ought to bear the infirmities of the weak.—Rom. 15, 1.
Nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunken, nor revilers, nor extortioners shall inherit the Kingdom of God.—I. Cor. 6.
Do not suffer a witch to live.—Ex. 22, 18.

A fortune-teller is one claiming to reveal the past, present and future life of any man, woman or child, claiming a concealed power to discern things not present to the senses. Also to uncover and discover secrets, crimes and thieves, and bring to justice. The fortune-teller has lived in every age, known by one name or another, and operating by one method or another.

The Holy Bible and general history has much to say about fortune-tellers. They are called clairvoyants, astrologers, prophets, star-gazers, magicians, witches, sorcerers, dreamers, trance-seers, sooth-sayers, enchanters, conjurers, spiritualists, test-mediums, princes and princesses, madams, etc., of the transcendental, vague, illusive, delusive and hallusive arts. They are also talked about and known by other names, such as doves, hornets, demons, foxes, adders, scorpions, raven, turkey, dice, queen, butterflies or caterpillers, crocodiles, trubell, cradle, marriage, love, divorce, wizard, hoodoo, voodoo, doodoo doctors, and many other names too numerous to mention. They represent every nationality

and are from every part of the globe. Likewise their victims. Often newspapers contain advertisements of the just arrived in the city, prince, princess, or madam.

THE WORLD'S RENOWNED
MME. CUDDLE.

A trance wonder, double gifted, three veils on the face when born. The ninth daughter. The last one of twenty children by her father. Her mother was his fourth wife—also a prophetess. Her father represented English and Swede. Her mother, German and French, and she was born on the water at 7 o'clock, Thanksgiving night. Can and does tell you everything you want to know about love, money, business, marriage, divorce. Gives luck, happiness, and brings speedy relief to all in trouble. Removes evil influences, and can give good luck to the broken-hearted. Can satisfy the professions with astonishing medium revelations. Full satisfaction at every sitting. Come and see the gifted, supernatural seer. Leave off silly skepticism. Come and be benefitted by this mysterious power. Your lucky day will come. At home day and night. Sundays, 6 A. M. to 10 P. M. 100 Market Strert.

MME. CUDDLE.

Remember, she divulges your mystic enemies, etc.

The madam's hand-bills, large and small, are often circulated judiciously. Any one expressing a desire can have one to take home. They read about as follows, in large, beautiful type.

The Renowned Medium

OF THE OLD WORLD.

MILLIONS OF PEOPLE ARE RICH,

Why don't You look for a Fortune.

$20,000 for an Equal.

The greatest living Trancer. Tested by the Noble Professions, 20 years the Prophetess for Hamburg, Germany; LaCelle and Paris, France; London, England; Constantinople, Turkey and the great centers of the United States. Can tell you all yon want to know. She has a large lucky buckeye which she places in the mouth on the tongue, that removes the power of slander from all those having that weakness, and gives good luck to all.

She is the Seventh Wonder of the World.

All witches and superstitions must go before her power. She removes the veil and gives you the key to Fortune, Love and Life.

The Medium is able to diagnose your case fully, interprets dreams, etc. The madam causes a powerful influence for good to permeate lodging-houses, homes, hotels, business and market places. Can point to the day and hour of marriage. Warns you of approaching dangers. Positively no imposition. The dead revealed in a dead trance. She exercises the utmost honesty. My business is strictly confidential. Unlucky people, remember me. Fortune knocks once; let it smile upon you. The beautiful story of the future revealed may sweeten your life. The madam yesterday removed trouble from a man that had married his wife's

own niece. Call and let truth convince you.

Private Sittings. If you are a non-resident, send two dollars and a stamp, a lock of your hair, age and color of eyes, and have your fortune sent to you.

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT. OPEN SUNDAYS.

Mme. Countess De Von MORGAN,

No. 1 BAR HARBOR PLACE.

Fees, Fifty Cents, One, Two and Five Dollars.

Special rates for a train of difficulties.

Madam has two assistants in attendance. Madam Vivanii Belcher and Mme. Queen Wrinckless. Come early and avoid the rush.

For many years I was the son of a widow. When quite a small boy, thirty years ago, I heard much talk about fortune-tellers, spiritualists, rap-mediums, witches, prophets, ghosts, etc. As a boy I asked many questions about all these mysteries. I could not understand how or why people gave the mediums so much credit. In the last century and the early part of this, witches and fortune-tellers were often driven out, persecuted and stoned at the hands of a mob, and for any woman to be branded as a witch or demon fifty years ago, was as good as taking her life. Today, everywhere you go in the civilized world, you can see plain and decorated signs hanging in front or nailed to the house, "Madam Cuddle, Fortune-teller;" "Mme. Countess De Von Morgan, Astrologer;" "Mme Vivanii Belcher, Medium Clairvoyant;" "Prophetess, Queen Wrinckless, Interpreter of Dreams and Fortune-teller;" "Prof. Clarence Major, Spiritualistic Medium, Dream Interpreter, Dancing Master and Fortune-Teller."

A great number of people carefully look for these signs, and when they find one, some just fairly revel in their imagination and thought, and wonder what this madam could or

would reveal to them. Some hurry by, others stand and gaze with great deliberation, others act delirious and look delusive, etc. Few men visit them, unless persuaded by their wives or other foolish women to call and see what the madam knows about their business. A man to be influenced and deluded by silly women is a poor excuse for a man. They ought always be the stronger of the two, and throw body and soul square against error, the unreal or false show, and let no woman, giddy girl or any other creature delude them. It is almost impossible for some people to pass a fortune-teller's sign without ascertainlng the medium's price. If they have money they submit at once, or promise faithfully to call again. So great and defiant was the madam, to their minds, they seldom fail to call again. Such women are very important. The mediums have many ways of telling fortunes. One way is to look at coffee grounds in a cup or saucer. Tea leaves are often used. Some will use sand as they do coffee-grounds. Some will throw a handful of hot or cold sand on a table-spread or sheet of paper and look into it and see and read your fortune. You must always accept what she says, for she sees it. Luck may be against you. That is your fortune. The most satisfactory way is to take a deck of cards, stack and run them, the queen's represent ladies, light or dark, etc. If the subject is not satisfied, the madam will run the cards again and sgain. Each time she and the cards may vary a little until the subject is fully satisfied or accepts conditions. Star-gazing methods are the same. Just look aud say what you want. The madams, at times, will look out of their wine-drunk eyes boldly, with their great, gouty faces, and talk to you until you gladly leave your fee behind and promise to call again. Say nothing about money. You are always worsted by your associations with her demonship.

Come out from among them, for if the trumpet give an uncertain sound who shall prepare himself for the battle? Let me describe some of the mediums—fortune-tellers—as I know and have seen them from time to time for years, hav-

ing interviewed and investigated their power to see mysteries and tell fortunes.

Madam No. 1 is a large woman, weighing more than 200, almost sixty years old. She had a fixed, cold eye, hair dark gray, no shape to her body, hands and feet in proportion. Dressed in black silk, with very large, plain, solid gold earrings, as large as a small watch, hitting the sides of her face each time she turned her head. A large breast-pin to match. She would sit in the largest chair in the house, or on a bench, all the time, and had two servants to attend the door and wait upon her. She lived in palatial style on the best in the land, and don't you forget that. The madam would sit in that big chair and look all inquirers full in the face with her cold, fixed black eyes, and ask them what they wanted. She would hear every word they had to say, and study and study the inquirer closely all the while. She would then give her another chance to tell more about her own past, present and future. All this time the madam made a most interesting listener. Finally she stopped. In a short time the madam had her started again, and before she was through the madam had the names of more than half of her entire family, living and dead, her husband's business and all of her domestic affairs, etc., etc.

The madam, not ready for business, demanded her fee, two dollars in advance. This madam's method was to boldly ask forty questions, and they were invariably answered, after which the madam told her all she wanted to know. I mean the woman had told her own fortune. The madam had only entertained her—she had entertainad the madam. There was no fortune about it. The madam got the money. The woman was satisfied, and went back to her poor husband after spending his hard-earned money. Poor man, he is dead now, and she is too. That night she told all the neighbors over the back fence that she had such a nice fortune told today. What did she tell, you asked one lady. Nothing much, except the names of several of my family, living and dead. "Did she do that?" inquired the lady. She did.

as sure as I am standing here. My James and Anna and Fannie that are in their graves. She told me my husband's, son's and daughter's first names, and when I asked her to tell me mine, she said 'I have called six in your family, living and dead, by name,' and she thought that was doing well. I thought so, too. I am going to see her soon again and have my fortune told. No man or woman can say this is false. It is true, and you know it, nine times out of ten.

Lift up your heads in the sanctuary and bless the Lord.—Ps. 134.
O, Lord, Thou hast searched me and know me. They mark my steps when they wait for my soul.—Ps. 56.

MADAME NO. 2 was a small featured little lady, dark complection, with small, black eyes deep set in her head. Her body and face was very thin. That made her nose look prominent and larger. She was a nervous little lady, and had perhaps been suffering for years with nerve and stomach troubles, because her position was a trying one—the constant fear of not being able to satisfy.

A dollar was her price. Kept her in constant fear and made her disease chronic. God and nature never intended her for that business. She could never systematize it down to a trade, and yet she had been at it twenty-five years. Her methods were absorbent, quiet, gentle, kind, but very firm in the matter of the dollar. The poor, foolish women that went to her seldom begrudged her the dollar of late, because she looked so bad. The people that run around getting their fortunes told are partially insane, and this woman knew that. (Took their dollar just the same, and gave them a kind, gentle, quiet talk, with a come-back-again—luck changes.)

MADAME NO. 3 was tall and slender, with round shoulders. Her body resembled in shape the letter S. She had sallow skin and cold, gray eyes, and a face that was defiant. Her general appearance told me she was in the business for the money there was in it, and if she failed to satisfy, they need not go elsewhere. She had shifting methods, and used

the cup, cards, hot sand, stars, and could see a fortune just as well looking in a man's hat. She would allow no man to cut the cards more than three times. She was everything and anything to suit the times—in prices as well. She was always a success in getting her inquirers off her hands, with a chance for come again. When this lady got thoroughly in earnest, she would stand up and make one think of a mild witch in the fore part of this century. I mean she appeared as half crazy, and was ready for any method of procedure.

My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed. I will sing and give praise.—Ps. 57.

Two men, years ago, when John C. Heenan—I believe an English prize-fighter—was in this country, and was to fight with another prize man, I forget who, went to a fortune-teller and paid her twenty dollars to name the man that would win that fight. The madam took the money and made a guess, that is, mentioned the name of one of the men, I forget which. Those two men bet all their money on him, several hundred dollars. The other man won the fight and left the two young men without a cent after the fight. They made their way back to the madam and took her by the neck and punched her about the head and body till almost dead. Time passed and she never told the world one word about any of it. She got well enough to be about again. The two men were afraid she would die from the effects, and never told the world for years after. I am told that blackmailers and women trying to marry rich men run to the mediums once a day for a month sometimes.

Madame No. 4 was sixty-three years old, had a large frame but was thin in flesh and sick. She had two widowed daughters and their children living with her. She had always supported them. There was nothing about this woman to attract attention, except the way she would light up when she would see a dollar. For forty years this medium had sent her scores of thousands from her with heavy hearts, to disappointed, blasted, wrecked lives. As a girl, this woman had been reasonably intelligent, without

much of a chance as a fortune-teller. For the past thirty years she had been very narrow. Had got in an old rut that she never got out of. If her patrons had not been so blind and had not such a weakness for the craft, they would have gladly stayed away from mediums. They had given her tens of thousands in her years of fraud. Some were not right in their minds before they went to see her, and in the years many became totally insane. Continued disappointment and disease. The madam is dead. Those left continued the craft. She never believed in God, man or the devil, heaven or hell. She lived to vulture on diseased bodies and minds.

MADAME No. 5 is an open-faced woman about forty years old. She had a husband and five children to support by her craft. Her husband had been educated for the law, but was a failure at that, and forced and schooled his wife in this profession. This gentleman put veils on his wife and three of her grandmothers. They both made a study for a short time of cards, coffee, sand, old hats and shoes, palmistry, star-gazing, trances and dream interpreter, etc., etc. He conferred the degree Mme., etc., on his wife, and they moved to another city. They put out the usual sign and began to advertise and soon had many inquirers. Her husband and children were a great help to her in and out of the house. It was a family arrangement. They had but one desire, and that to make money. The little lady was full veiled, and gave all inquirers a choice—coffee, sand, cards, star or trance. They paid their money and took their choice. Not satisfied fully, perhaps you had better try cards or a dead trance, or bring your friends some night when the stars are shining. I can see you will have better luck next time. Do you believe me, it worked like a charm.

Princess Cullender, astrologist, was dark complected, about the average size, not enjoying the best of health, always looked dirty and slovenly. However she was dressed, she always seemed to be greasy, and whenever she shook hands there was drops of grease and sweat hanging to the

ends of her fingers. That lowered her, even in the estimation of some of her admirers. If she had taken a bar of soap and water and washed herself thoroughly, she would not have made such a slimy, clammy impression on strangers. I said, "I would like you to reform. You'll do that for me, won't you?"

TRANCE.—Many of the veiled prophets and princesses practicing fortune-telling arts advertise as trance mediums and clairvoyants. To be in a trance is a state of insensibility, a want of emotion or affection—or catalepsy, as it were—a sudden suppression of sensation or ecstasy, excessive joy, rapture, enthusiasm, etc., or tranquility, as it were, quietness, a calm state. You will readily understand how a trance-medium can sit in her chair, lie on her sofa or bed in the presence of her callers or in the next room, and fall, as the prophets of old, into a deep sleep or dead trance and suspend animation, ceasing to breathe, almost stopping the circulation and action of the heart, and let all who wish examine her while in this rigid, dead, sleeping or smiling trance state. Some mediums, under certain influences, say it is almost impossible to get them up out of this state when the spirit is on.

When in this state the madame knows what their tale of woe is, was and will be. She can interpret their dreams and unfold deep, hidden mysteries in business, love, marriage, divorce, money, true happiness, etc. She also claims to see the dead in the mountains, lakes, rivers and graves, and can bring back any father, mother, wife or loved one, and can bring about rich-blooded marriages, can detect and bring thieves to justice and have valuable jewels returned. All this the medium can do in a trance, and come out pretending great things and with overpowering influence on her weak inquirers. If at any time they discover that the medium is drunk or half sober, they should never question her power to discern objects and her lack of ability to make things plain to their minds. For their business is a delusive art, and they practice it for money, and I want every member

of the human family to know this. Her spells and signs and wonders will not be tolerated in this age by church or state.

Many of the trance-mediums do not go into a trance at all (we know none of them do). But I mean they do not pretend to perform the trance method. They advertise as such, and look the sitters in the face and tell them they are trance-mediums, and that suffices, unless there is an extra fee. The medium, male or female, as the case may be, will swoon away, and come around in a jiffy, make his exposer. Otherwise they do not go into a trance once a week, month or year, as they see the fate of every sitter that is to come during that period. Is not that an astonishing a revelation? No hidden mysteries too deep. Can go into all space and fathom. Many trance mediums are given over to the use of liquors, narcotics; opiates, morphine eaters, etc. They could hardly stay in the nefarious business year after year, seeing and knowing what they do, without using something to deaden and stupefy their sensibilities. They could not take the dollar from the hand they made palsied.

Trance-mediums are of all ages, sizes and shape. Many of them have been a wreck for years. Tobacco and whisky fiends, opium-eaters; some dirty and slovenly to the last extreme. Many are cripples—old men and women that ought to have been put in the poor-house years ago are still vulturing on the weak-minded members of the human family. And great numbers of strong, middle-aged women and men are plying the craft for a living these hard times. Many of them are suffering because they will not work. They positively take the people's money and give them absolutely nothing. Worse than that, they cause many to lose their minds, others to take to crime and disease. All sin is on the house-top, and trance-mediums will have to go. They are a thing of the past. Their suctorial methods fail to enchant, charm, delight and measurably subdue. There is no beauty, truth, justice, mercy, love, friendship, purity or reality in you. You live to delude, defraud, wrong, rob and defy God, man, and the devil. Dealing with people that are bad at

heart and insane, and you make all worse. Go, go.

INDIANS, as a class, do not practice individual fortune-telling. They are heathens. They have their hoodoo doctors, medical men, pale-faced prophets and star-gazers, happy hunting grounds. They augur—conjecture by signs or omens, and put great stress at times on a flight of birds, and are always very suspicious. They take several kinds of weeds, when they can get them, and press the juice out them and make a kind of whisky. This causes them to whoop-poo, yelp and yell, and often to go into a war-dance, that is so destructive to their tranquility. The half-breeds that go among them often introduce fortune-telling and other forms of vice. I have known in my travels of two or three old civilized Indians that went from door to door. They did not take well, except once in a while an old chronic scab would become delirious to know what that OLD INDIAN would tell her. Some years ago two voodoo doctors had several Indians in a tent they said told fortunes. The Indian would look at the sitter and talk in his own tongue. Then the voodoo doctor would interpret what the Indian had said, or he could tell the fortune as he desired. People supposed he did. They were not a success. All uncivilized Indians believe in charms, witchcraftry, and are kind of lunar idiots. Many of them are mouth-breathers, and thousands die every year of that disease.

GYPSIES are a vagabond race scattered over Europe and America. They travel and live in wagons and tents and move each day or two from town to town. The men trade in horses; the women tell fortunes and practice all methods, clairvoyance, astrology, chiromancy, trance, cards, hot and cold sand or salt, pipes, tobacco, sieves, fan, glove, parasol, handkerchief, jewels, flowers, a handful of dirt. Also sun, moon and star-gazing, etc. Can tell your fortune looking through a gentle, mild, or heavy rain. They are also able to talk, sing and dance for your money. Can charm your warts moles and certain diseases to leave your body, it is said. The American gypsies are immensely rich. The lots and lands

on which they camp near large towns and cities belong to them. If this be true, they move on only when they desire to do so. All this valuable property and money was gathered by the women and young girls going from door to door telling fortunes. When times were good a few years ago, each woman or girl could collect fifty or a hundred dollars in a single day sometimes, and have all the dresses and children's clothes they could haul, given to them by poor women without money that was so anxious to hear what that old gypsy would tell them. I have known them to give the dress off their backs and their children's clothing. Also their husband's pants. The poor monomaniacs! That is, derangement with regard to one thing only, namely, fortune-telling. They have no character, mind, and are diseased, and, like children, need watching in this regard. Will some one help them read these words and tell them what you know to be true, and get out of their minds this desire for intercourse with this cunning, crafty, art mediums. Tell them they have been fascinated, deluded and bewitched, as it were, for years, and to stay away from all fortune-tellers forever. Many people used to go out to the gypsy camps to have their fortunes told, but of late years there is only a few.

Fortune-telling will soon be a thing of the past and recorded with the last arts. I pray none of you will ever let colors bewitch you, and remember Christ was never found with guile in his mouth. Many of the American gypsies have died in the past seven years. Among that number, I understand, was the American Queen and King. Many strangers have adopted that life, but fail to make genuine English gypsies.—Thos. Telfer, Ph. D.

Colored people are like anybody in the matter of fortune-telling. The ignorant and superstitious believe in it, and are sure to call on every new medium that comes to their locality. They put great stress on everything she has to say, and if there happens to be a back-shot or a read between the lines, they go home and talk it over with many in the neighborhood. Others may then visit the madam, and

in a short time the madam has had quite a run of patrons, and all by a trick in her art. Many people go crazy on fortune-telling, and would have theirs told every night if they could. It is a pity they do not own a medium. If they did, she would soon have to confess their was nothing in it, and that she had no power whatever over anybody or anything. That she was an open fraud, like all the rest, without any power whatsoever. The better class of educated colored people go to church and live good, consistent, Christian lives, and no witches or witchcraft about them. They are sober, pure, clean men and women, living exemplary lives, in the church and out. To all such credit must be given and honor is due. The colored people compare favorably at present with any nationality in matters of general intelligence. A larger per cent. of those that can not read are found among the colored people, and of course, being unschooled, are very superstitious. Colored fortune-tellers are very scarce. I never heard of but two. One was an old colored madam that learned the business in slavery days. She was no trancer—only a plain fortune-teller, and charged fifty ceuts a sitting. She had a few callers and was entertaining. The other was an old man. He charged fifty cents, also, and did as well as any of them. But he said he did not like to take the people's money without giving an equivalent for it. That was impossible to do. He was too old to work, and tried to help his wife in that way.

The colored people have always been sought after and made easy prey by fortune-tellers, magic wonders, witchcraft, evil forebodeis, hoodoo, voodoo and doodoo doctors, miserable quacks, etc. Because of this, many of them are running around to-day, entertaining every shade of opinion, and get very little or none of this world's goods. Sober, clean, Christian lives, free from disease and idleness, will assure to all a quiet, peaceful and satisfactory life.

Think of the great army of madams and their millions of victims when God comes to make up his jewels. What a passion for their tale of woe! Have you been a victim to

the craft? If so, do you never despise yourself? Madam Funkey, who gave exhibitions of her wonderful powers before all the crowned heads of Europe, is in the city. Her wonderful career and newspaper fame, on account of a peculiar law-suit once, and her how-to-find-gold are air-castles and busted bubbles.

The madam is about fifty years old, fat and dark-skinned. A healthy looking woman, very quick about the eyes and very slow of speech—judge like. This woman had great powers to deceive, and gave her profession standing. She kept two women to dress and change and veil, and run in and out of the house, to help her get and to hurry those off that were there. Her house had side and front entrances. The madame's dog resembled a sheep. Think of her criminal, lustful, drunken, floating, rope and ax victims in thirty years! Look at the fruits of her life's work! The burdens, troubles—unfortunate people all made worse. She took turkey every time. When an hyena commits suicide it claws an artery on its leg, and sucks the blood and chews the stump to death. No more cage for him. Human beings get tired of deception and continued disappointments, and like the hyena, submit to the blood-sucking methods. The license should be $200 per year for each madame in a county, the state $100 more, and the city $200 also—total $500 per year each.

Palmistry or chiromancy is the art of telling fortunes by examining the hand—to carefully inspect the small lines in the palm and every part of the inside of the hand and fingers. To read character and predict future events by this means, to my mind, is impossible. Yet, nevertheless, the wise, unwise, and otherwise for ages have practiced and believed in it. The sole of the foot as well as the palm of the hand is used in this art. In an ordinary hand there are thirteen well defined lines, and sixteen to twenty more less prominent. Some hands do not have half this number; others have more. There is as much difference in the size, shape and general appearance of hands as faces. Very few look alike, and when there is a condition of callosity or callus, that is,

any horny hardness of the skin, it is impossible to see any of the ordinary lines. Only a few of the larger show. Sometimes the hand, because of hard work, becomes completely callous and all lines are obliterated. Still the prognosticator is always able to foreshow. That is his business—his art. It is impossible, when such causes and conditions exist, to establish the art of palmistry. This art is now a thousand years old, and we are told that the great men of battles, wealth, church, state and forum, have in all ages submitted themselves to this art master. Think of it, gentlemen, for any one to claim to tell by a few small and irregular creases or lines, natural or unnatural, in the palm of the hand or on the wrist the fortune of a human being. To look at one line and say you will marry rich, at another, death or sickness, at another, failure, life, health, imagination, disease, wreck, discouragement, or love, fortune, joy, travel, home or abroad, faithful, sorrow, unhappy, or great property, etc. For a master to look at the lines of every hand and say all of this, or any of this, is preposterous. Young man or woman, give yourself an eternal and everlasting divorce from palmistry and its masters. People have been deluded by it for a thousand years.

As a physician, I can look at a baby or small child and see if there is any trace of disease of any kind about its head, face, and other parts of its body. Also, its heart, lungs, etc.. I pronounce the child healthy. If I know both of its parents to be healthy, I can say truthfully the child is free from hereditary disease. If I know the parents to be kind, industrious and true Christian men and women, I can say that God and nature have done their part by the child, and if it is properly trained to habits of industry and educated, and is fortunate, and does not meet with any accident, or get diseased, and will apply itself to some honest business and live within the lines of the church, and is not given over to any of the ancient arts or crafts, I can prophesy and say the child ought to have good health, long life, money, property, true love (for love begets love), travel and happy home, etc: No palmister or fortune-teller can tell more than

this, for he knows nothing beyond mere facts in any case. Again, if a man or woman forty years old came to me to get their fortune told, I could look them over carefully for sin, disease, drunkeness and want of character, etc. To tell that man or woman's fortune and be true, I should say "go to a reputable physician and pay him to cure that long-standing disesse you have, and at the same time quit all kinds of sin and drunkeness and go to work, and you will have good fortnne, good health, and be clothed in your right mind. Beyond this, no man can tell you about the living or dead, or money, or anything they know nothing about. If any of you feel bad or sick, or have an absent one that you know not whether living or dead, or money in chancery, and want your fortune told, come to me, or go to any preacher or priest or bishop. Tell them your trouble—explain everything. Tell them what you want, and I assure you they will understand your case fully and tell you just what to do. It will be the best fortune you ever had told. They will charge you nothing. They are true friends of yours, and any of them will be glad to help you see yourself as God sees you in your trouble. Never again run after those crafty artists that take your money and seek to delude and deceive you.

Every man must make his living with his hand and brain. An honest hand, large or small, full or free from warts and marks, is always exalted by God. The Holy Bible has much to say about a natural hand, a beautiful hand, a delicate hand, a horney hand, an honest, true and tried hand. Also speaks of peaceable, pure, gentle and helping hand, and fruits of hand, and uplifted hands to God. Again, the hand of strife, envy, war, malice, theft, murder, glory not in.

The hand defileth the whole body.
Tearful thing to fall into the hand of the living God.—Heb. 10, 31.
Working with his hands.—Eph. 4, 28.
Also my hands, my head, my heart—John 13, 9.
Delivered into the hands of men.—Luke 9, 34.
Delivered out of the hands of our enemies.
They do evil with both hands earnestly.
Spread forth your hand. I will hide.—Isa. 1, 15.

Give her of the fruit of her hand—Prov. 31.
He that hath clean hands shall be strong for right.
If thy hand or foot offend thee, cut it off.

The teaching of the Holy Bible and palmistry are averse.

Lay thy hand upon thy mouth.—Prov. 33. 22.
Let my right hand forget her cunning.—Ps. 137, 5.
Let thy right hand be one of pleasure forever more.
Let not your hand become one of sorrow.—Ps. 11.
The hand of diligent maketh rich. The earth is full of hand of plenty. Many people are lured into believing that their own right hand condemns them. By his own hand he falls.—Thomas Telfer, Palmist.

Madam Cora was a woman fifty-three years old. She was living with her fourth husband and had three dead. Early in years Madam Cora had been good looking. She was a brunette with bullet, black eyes, medium in size and rather plump in figure. At fifty-three she was gray, very thin in flesh and slovenly. Her dress and general appearance indicated that she was a morphine-eater. People that saw her said that it was painful to see her lean over and run a deck of cards in her lap and always tell the inquirer just what she wanted to know. She could stack a deck of cards and get the queens and jacks where she wanted them every time, and when she used the coffee cup and bent over to look at the grounds as she held the cup at long focus and away over to one side, was a picture long to be remembered. For thirty-three years she had been a medium of delusive art. Had grown wrinkled and gray, and her body was being consumed by poison. Ever since she was a girl twenty years old she had reigned supreme in the hearts of thousands of her victims, for a time, at least. Some of Madam Cora's victims are old and living yet, and whenever she sees any of them she never fails to say "did I not tell you years ago that you would have much trouble, death, etc." It is said that Madam Cora was paid $50 and $100 several times by business men and Eastern ladies to confess that she and all of the mediums were frauds, humbugs, crafty, deceiving the general public. Fortune-tellers get old and stale in one neighborhood and go to another city—often to Europe. If the madams could really do one hundredth part of what they

claim, they could all be rich. Every law firm and bank and business-house would need one of them. The United States has 67,000,000 population. If only one in sixty-seven patronized fortune-tellers, that would make one million in the United States. The figures are very low, as several millions are not able to read, and it must be remembered that all of the harlots and low, lewd, vicious, criminal elements found everywhere abet fortune-tellers.

The witch method of fortune-telling is to go from house to house and plead and force themselves upon the people, excite their curiosity and destroy their happiness for time to come. Many of these are old and crippled, crooked, hunchbacked, deformed in mind and body. Have charity for them but never encourage them in their lying art. They will take twenty-six cents and a pipe full of tobacco, or the tobacco only, and tell, or try to tell you something that will make you feel better or worse. For shame on you to entertain for one instant these cracked brains. Let them go to the county house or to work. I have the most profound regard for human flesh, but when it seeks to damn me, then the superiority of the one shall wipe out the insignificance of the other.

Let every man's law be just.—Job.

Did any of your readers ever remember seeing that seven year-old child fortune-teller, a little boy, many years ago? His old aunt was his trainer and manager. The child did as she told him. But when he came face to face with the sitters and had to look into the open grave and describe the mouldering, decaying face of the dead, his childish heart failed him, and her witchship was a failure. Her little prophet, priest and king, God grant, was a failure.

Prince Pettibone, a gentleman thirty-four years old, with one eye slightly crossed and with syphilitic, stiff joints and a callous brain, was having considerable publicity as a prince medium. About that time he married a fourteen-year-old girl. In a short time the prince put out a sign, "Prince and Princess Pettibone, Trance Mediums, Clairvoy-

ants, Astrologists, Prophets and Fortune-tellers. In a few months, I understand, the prince began to limber up, and they soon went abroad to the continent of Europe. A girl only fourteen years old is a child, and yet, if she is well raised, she is almost a woman, and then think of it, she had a prince to back her. How hard it is to get the people of this world to see, know and do the right. The prince and his wife were both hubbubs and humorists in methods of work, and the mediums all are, to a degree, or they could not make it pay.

Astrology is the art of predicting events by the aspect of the stars. A star-gazer is one who looks at the stars and general appearance of the sky, and foretells events in the life of an individual. Usually star-gazers are unskilled in astronomy, and do not know one star from another. They simply look at them and talk to the individual, as it suits their own desires. An astrologer or star-gazer could look at the leaves on a tree and see just as much of interest in the life of an individual as she could by looking at the stars. It is simply a fortune-telling craft. They are bold and full of courage, and with proxy.

[Astrology is a science to enable us to judge, by the different aspects, the effect and influence of stars and foretell events. The term astrology was used by the ancients in the sense of astronomy.]

This science was formerly in great request, as people ignorantly supposed the heavenly bodies to have a ruling and influence over the physical and moral world, as the effect of lunar system on idiots. Hence they were called lunatic—a person whose insanity is supposed to be influenced by the moon. It is trying for us to tolerate this ancient and present craft. The mediums, when they take an inquirer out to gaze upon the stars, will first point out Job's coffin and the great dipper. Also the ark, and other things they say are formed by the stars in heaven. So perfect is the outline of these things that the influence is great on the victim. She then points to stars of magnitude and talks of love, marriage,

divorce, and remarriage, etc. She then points to a receding star and says that represents coming death of some distant relative, etc. It is not difficult to deceive people that want to be deceived. They entertain, then get earnest, and keep it up until they startle the subject. How intently fixed and eager they gaze at the stars!

A woman went one evening to get her fortune told with cards, and paid one dollar. Before she left the madam tnought she might have better luck if she would try the coffee-cup. She did so, and paid her dollar. The madam walked io the door with her ane said, " Oh, if you had only told me the stars were shining brighily. I am an astrologer, and can tell your fortune by the beautiful stars." The woman consented and paid one more dollar, which made three times she had her fortune told in one hour by card, coffee and stars, one dollar each, and it was all the same with slight changes. She was adorned with stars, coffee and cards.

Do you think the madam is stark? My dear friend, you are starless. There are no stars visible for your individuality. Let nobody make you lose your head. God says the stars are not pure in His sight.—Job. 25, 5.

Awake to my judgments and ask the way to Zion and Mt. Pisgah.

Stand in awe, and sin not.—Ps. 44.

Avoid vain babblings.—I. Tim., 6, 20.

Let no serpent beguile thee.

Abhor, hate and loath arrogancy, presumptuous self-conceit.—I. Sam.

Let the words and work of a star-gazing astrologer avail nothing.

Prophets.

I will send them prophets and apostles, and some of them they shall slay and persecute.—Luke, 11, 49.

If you will take your Bible and read all it has to say about prophets and false prophets, you will find it an interesting study. We learn about the apostles and prophets that went forth to establish churches and the coming of Christ, and prophecies in regard to rain, drouth and famine. The prophets (or ministers of God) went about among the

people everywhere doing good. They were greatly beloved by the people. At times their enemies were strong against them. In those days the people were very superstitious, and often would forget God. Many troublesome men, influenced by bad women, would arise and make false prophecies concerning the immediate future, and say there would be a lack of rain, or a great drouth, or flood, or a failure of vine-yard crop, or no fish, or diseases and pestilence to come among the people, etc. These sayings at times troubled the people greatly, as now, and they would quit work and wait and wonder if the rain, vineyard, cattle, or fig or fish would be a failure. The false prophets talked about life and death, and full moons and bright stars, and give themselves over to signs and wonders day and night, as the fortune-tellers do to-day. The people of those times suffered much every way. They had their passovers and famines, as well as their feasts, and were greatly fatigued at times and sorely tried, and they put great faith in everything the false prophets said, as they do today. It took very little to establish a false prophet then, and less now. The false prophets were called sorcerers, magicians, conjurers or soothsayers—the foretelling of future events by a person without divine aid or authority. Prophets were the forerunners of evil reports. The people were warned daily to beware of false prophets, and to-day they prefer darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil. I am not condemning the shape of the heads of false prophets and fortune-tellers, but their hearts—their sinful hearts, that forget God and the line of right. It is your duty to help people to do right and make them cease to do evil and polluting their fellow-men. The Bible says:

The prophet shall become wind.—Jer. 5.
Her prophecies are treacherous, for ye may all prophesy.
There is no more any prophets.
I will not hear that prophet.—Acts 23.
He will smite them and drive them away, and they shall become wanderers on the face of the earth.
Is Saul among the prophets?

THOMAS TELFER, M. D., Ph. D., Author.

HUMAN EXPERIENCE.

THREE LECTURES

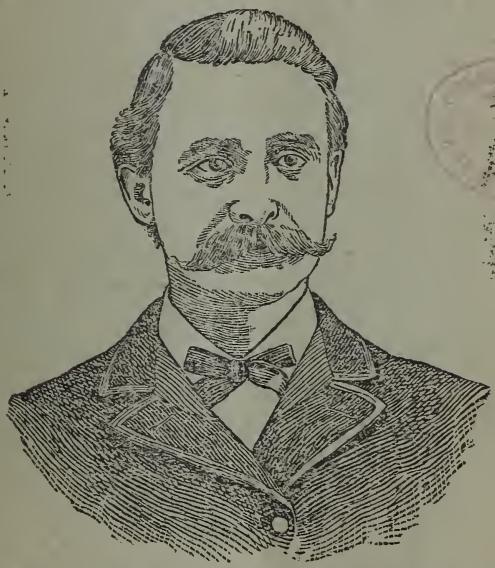
ON

Fortune Tellers,

Trance Mediums,

Madams, Princes,

Gypsies, and Indians.



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Star-gazing,
Palmistry.

ALL METHODS EXPOSED.

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